

Political Fun

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Summary: Dagur had no real interest in the Outcasts until Savage caught his eye. And the man looked like he'd be a good way to ease his built up tension... NSFW

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><p>Dagur hadn't known much of the Outcast tribe before having made a deal with them. In truth, they were compromised of a tiny army at best and could perhaps fill four ships with their entire island. They were but a fleck of dust in Dagur's view, especially considering how he had an entire armada at his will. He had no interest in such an insignificant tribe.<p>

And yet, an unintended deal was formed one day when he and a few other ships had broken off in search for the Skrill. Captain Vorg claimed to have seen Hiccup and his team carry off the frozen creature, which led Dagur on a rather enraged and aggravating trip to Berk. He had no inspiration to stop at any point in his trip, however, did just that during the fog of night when another boat came into his path. It was, of course, an Outcast ship. Dagur had no interest in interacting with them, but they seemed set on attempting conversation. One man, in particular - Alvin the Treacherous, the apparent chief of the Outcast tribe, wanted to form a deal with him. Dagur was about ready to blow their nuisance of a ship to smithereens, until something caught his eye.

One man on board was rather captivating. Dark hair - darker than Hiccup's, and he was certainly much older than Hiccup (and Dagur himself, for that matter). He must've been in his mid thirties. His body shape was awkward; not quite muscular but not entirely obtuse or acute, either. Simply, a broad chest and a stomach that just slightly

bulged with the insinuation that this man was on the verge of gaining a gut, completed with skinny legs. But, it wasn't his mishmash body or his age that interested Dagur. It was the look in his eyes.

This man, whoever he was, had a very conflicted expression. He seemed awkward, nervous even, but at the same time, determined. Ready to follow orders but put his own flair onto them. It reminded Dagur of his first love, the very one of which he resented at that point in time. It enticed Dagur in a way that made his heart clench but genitals stir simultaneously, and finally he agreed to consider listening to this 'Alvin' character under the circumstance that he'd get a night alone with the man that had caught his eye.

The Outcasts, Alvin especially, were taken back by this request. The Berserkers didn't so much as bat an eye. Homosexuality wasn't frowned upon as it was in some other tribes in their's. Although, it was considered more of a perverse past time than anything pertaining to romance, but Dagur kept that part of himself that enjoyed more than the sex hammered down into his subconscious as much as he could. If anything, though, Captain Vorg sent him a sly grin. Dagur wasn't nearly as promiscuous as his men were, and it almost relieved his underlings to see him express sexual interest. As though it made him, at least, slightly less threatening.

Alvin's primary notion for reluctance was simply being surprised at the deal, but agreed nonetheless, being that it didn't harm him specifically in any way. His second in command, the man in question who went by the name 'Savage', was a bit more tentative. He seemed particularly uncomfortable with the concept of coital activity with another man, let alone someone who he was almost twice as old as. With a bit of 'persuading' from Alvin, which involved a lot of yelling and threats, he reluctantly boarded the Berserker ship and followed Dagur into the lower deck.

"So. Savage, was it?" Dagur drawled when they were alone, hopping onto the bed he'd had planted down there for himself prior. He crossed his legs and leaned back, raising his brows and sending his guest an expression that could be either interpreted as bored or sultry.

"Er, yes." Savage answered, standing stiffly in the door frame. "And you are Dagur the Deranged?"

Dagur allowed a chuckle to bubble from his throat slowly, before he used his index finger to beckon the man closer. Savage reluctantly did as told, and stopped only when he was a foot or so away from the Berserker chief. Dagur rose a brow at the lack of proximity, and he sat up slightly. In a swift motion, he swung out his leg and hooked it around Savage's hips, before bringing him closer. Savage gasped and his arms flailed slightly at the domineering advancement, especially when it threw him off balance and he collapsed rather awkwardly onto Dagur, who fell back onto the bed with a voluptuary smirk.

Savage lay atop him, breathing heavily, eyes large and mouth slightly parted. Dagur was sure that the man could feel his erection through his clothes.

"_Now_," Dagur breathed. "I want you to show me a good time, all right?"

"A good time?" Savage repeated in an apprehensive tone.
"H-how..."

Dagur laughed, and he pushed the man downwards with a hand on his shoulder. "Start by sucking me off, and then maybe I'll let you _fuck_ me."

Savage looked up at him with wide eyes, and for a moment, Dagur was able to pretend it was Hiccup he was talking too (granted, he would've wanted to be fucking Hiccup; but this man was _not_ Hiccup, and Dagur had no interest in doing something he had reserved for the Haddock boy alone).

Savage seemed at a loss of where to start. For a moment, he fumbled with Dagur's belt buckle, unsure of how to get it off, before Dagur eventually pushed away his hands and abruptly forced down his kilt. Out popped his hardened cock, slightly reddened and more than ready for Savage to go down on it. Savage hesitated, and he looked up at Dagur, and then to the dick, as though not sure if he was really going to do it or not.

"Come on already," Dagur groaned, his patience waning. He took Savage's head in both his hands and pushed him down so that his cock sort of smacked him in the lips and oh _wow_, that felt nice.

Uncertainty didn't even begin to cover the expression on Savage's face. And when he opened his mouth and lowered it over Dagur's cock, his tongue tensely swirling around the skin, Dagur shut his eyes and imagined it was Hiccup doing this to him, not some random Outcast man. Savage sucked more of his succulent cock into his throat, choking here and there but doing his best to pleasure him. He seemed to grow more confident with every one of Dagur's moans; Dagur was, after all, only an inexperienced teenager, and Savage was a grown man. It didn't take long for Dagur to reach the pinnacle of pleasure.

He came into Savage's mouth with a cry, and he only just barely managed to muffle the "_Hiccup!_" he shrieked by shoving his knuckles into his teeth.

Savage leaned back, cheeks still full of cum that was partially dripping down his chin. When he caught the look in Dagur's eyes, he swallowed with a wince, and blinked up at him rapidly.

Moments later, Dagur was pushing down Savage's pants. The man was slightly hard; definitely not ready to fuck Dagur, but a bit of playing could fix that. Dagur's dexterous, calloused fingers danced over his veined length, coaxing it into a full hardness. Dagur reveled in the little gasps and grunts that Savage emitted, but kept his expression sternly shaped into a thin smile.

When he finally felt that Savage was ready to please him, Dagur removed his metal shoulder pads and tunic (along with the leather sash). He shimmied his leggings down to his knees to expose his waiting hole, and Dagur turned over to his stomach so that his rump was in the air, ready to be taken.

Savage seemed to fumble around needlessly for a bit, and Dagur heard

him spit into his hands. That was more like it. When Savage finally got around to pressing inside - after a bit of unnecessary preparation with his fingers that Dagur eventually swatted away, he was a Berserker after all - the dull sting of penetration was expectantly replaced with warm pleasure.

"Go faster," Dagur growled, his voice laden with heavy breaths as he forced his hips backwards.

He didn't want to think, he didn't even really want to feel, he just wanted a good old romp and to get off so he'd stop being so damn angry all the time.

And Savage was good for that job, really. He thrust in and out, impaling Dagur on his impressive size. His girth was relatively thick, too, and Dagur could feel the individual veins as they throbbed within him. Eventually, Savage seemed to lose all sense of self control and did exactly what Dagur wanted - he fucked him wildly, bringing the two of them closer to a much needed climax. The awkwardness Savage faced from having sex with another man was lost in the sweaty, breathless collisions of their bodies, and Savage's lips were on Dagur's shoulders, kissing him almost tenderly.

For a moment, those kisses softened his length and a heavy block of lead seemed to fall deep within the pit of his abdomen. No no no - that sort of sensual intimacy was reserved for one person alone, and Gods, Savage was not that person. Dagur bent his arm at a strange angle to push Savage's face away with a snarl, and buried his face into the pillow as he pressed his hips back against the thick cock pounding into him even harder.

If there was a hurt expression on Savage's face, Dagur couldn't see it from his position. Soon enough, Savage's hard dick was slamming in and out at such a speed that Dagur felt as though he'd been fucked senseless, and this time, he didn't bother censoring Hiccup's name as it tore itself from his throat when he came hard onto the fur sheets. Savage came within him quietly, a soft grunt being the only indication aside from the hot liquid that spilled itself inside of Dagur.

In the end, he ended up taking Alvin up on his deal.

He probably could've gotten the Skrill on his own, ideally, anyway. But the Outcasts certainly helped. Hiccup annoyed him most of all, though. Especially those particularly pretentious expressions he'd sent him during the battle over his precious Skrill. 'Sorry about your deck'? That son of a-

Well, he got over it after a hand job from Savage, but it still aggravated him.

Dagur was really looking forward to betraying Alvin after getting his Skrill. The most fun idea he could conjure up was having Savage suck his dick while he beheaded Alvin, making sure that the last thing he saw was his second in command pleasuring the very person who was murdering him.

Unfortunately, it turned out that his betrayal of Alvin didn't go exactly as planned. He was a bit taken back when Savage showed more loyalty to his chief than he, but what was he to expect? In any

regards, he ended up persuading Savage to his side, if only to have sex with him a few more times before he disposed of the man altogether. Really, he had no need for the Outcast men otherwise. There was no particular political advantage, being that his men outmatched their fleet twenty to one at _least_. Dagur just enjoyed Savage's mouth on his cock and Savage's cock in his ass, really.

Even after the humiliating, infuriating, enraging, disquieting defeat from Hiccup, that left him rather silent for awhile, he was able to get through it with a bit of pleasure from Savage. But... After the reminder that Hiccup was _real_, an existing person, still alive, still out there, something about the fun with Savage dimmed. Weeks after first meeting him, Dagur came to resent Savage, beginning to treat him just as poorly as he did the rest of his men. At some point, the fornication between them stopped altogether. And it was for one reason, one reason that made Dagur feel sick, angry, and guilty all at once. It was because of one, simple, devastating fact.

The more that Dagur looked at Savage, the less he saw of Hiccup.

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><p>Just some casual, and way-more-sexed-up-than-it-needs-to-be speculation on why the hell Dagur even offered Savage a second chance, considering the fact that any political advantage is very slim and can easily be overlooked, especially by someone as trigger-happy as Dagur. Am I the first person to depict this pairing? I hope not.

End
file.